

Oxford Democrat.

No. 39, Vol. 6, New Series.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, February 2, 1847.

Old Series, No. 48, Vol. 15.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY

G. W. ELLIOT,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:—One Dollar and Fifty Cents in advance. Advertisements inserted on reasonable terms;—the Proprietor not being accountable for any error beyond the amount charged for the advertisement. A reasonable deduction will be made for cash in advance.

Book and Job Printing
EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

POETRY.

From the Boston Post.

THE WAR CRY.

Hot coming from the further south than bluffs upon the air
The news that angry war has raised his fiery vanguard there,
And fifty thousand men are called, who vainly would seek to know
What temper stirs the silent heart of faithful Mexico.

There stalks a savage figure through the sandy cañon grove,
Who to tempt to wrath our eagle for many years has strove,
With his saddle deck'd with silver trappings and his poncho cover'd
He bears an eagle and a snake—it is the Mexican.

They who sow the seed of folly must sow sorrow's harvest reap,
And our crimson-handed banner where it waves will guard and keep,
For desert fires its many folds could hope not in the crowd,
Through each fibre of its broad folds were woven to a shroud.

Our soldier swarthy from the east leaves ledger, notes and bills,
And volunteers to pour his blood to swell the Texas rills,
Our soldier banner from the west a barrel seeks to gain,
And presses forth to draw his sword upon the Texan plain.

Our flag it flutters at Monterey, and waves at Tampico,
And the flaming star at Vera Cruz our navy's strength shall know,
And we'll write for them this sentence on the banners that we
That "Father's rule is ruin—revolution not reform."

Oh! better far the Texas and half-savage ancient race,
Than the blood who find this lovely land with national disgrace,
For Texas holds the Syrian and the Nile, the Nile of Babel,
See how he ticks with scorching and fearful war!

We hear a tale that seeks to plant a thorn this side the water,
"Behold! the hunting manly would do 'mid fire and slaughter,"
O, should it ever come to this, all kindly bonds must break,
And the stripes and constellations crash the eagle and the snake.

Boston, January, 1847. PABLO.

INDIVIDUAL WEALTH IN ENGLAND.

Colman, in his European Agricultural and Rural Economy, alludes to the amount of wealth realized by individuals, which appears almost incredible. Under a law of the present government, levying a tax upon every man's income when it exceeds one hundred and fifty pounds sterling a year, persons liable to taxation are required to make a full return of their income under a heavy penalty. A confectioner in London returned, as his annual income, the sum of thirty thousand pounds sterling, or one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, or six times as much as the salary of the President of the United States; which showed at least low skilled he was in compounding the sweets of life.

A nobleman, it is said, has contracted with a master builder to erect for him, in London, four thousand and not forty—nor four hundred—but four thousand and houses of a good size for occupation. In some of the best parts of London, acres of land, vast squares, are occupied with large and elegant dwelling houses, paying heavy rents, in long rows, blackes, and crescents, and all belonging to one single individual.

One nobleman, whose magnificent estate was left to him by his father encumbered with a debt of some hundred thousand pounds, by limiting, as it is termed, his annual expenditures to thirty thousand pounds, has well nigh extinguished this debt. The incomes of some of the rich men in the country amount to twenty, twenty-five, fifty, one hundred thousand, two hundred thousand pounds sterling, even three hundred thousand pounds, annually. It is very difficult for a New England man to conceive of such wealth.

The crop of wheat grown in one year upon the farm of a Lancashire farmer was eighteen thousand bushels. These appear to be well affected facts, and show the enormous wealth which is accumulated in the hands of the few, at the expense of toiling thousands, and principally through the workings of the law of pauperization.

Of the landed proprietors Mr. Colman is disposed to think well; and mentions as evidence of their liberality, that they are satisfied with a return of from two and a half to three per cent on their investments. Here he has committed a slight but natural mistake. Landed proprietors, generally, are contented with these comparatively small returns, because, in the circumstances, they can seldom get more. Besides, capitalists invest money in land for another kind of return than rents. Land gives territorial distinction and political power; and for the latter alone many persons seem not disinclined to forego all direct pecuniary advantages.

In this, indeed, lies the true cause of the high price of land in Great Britain—the reason why a few comparatively unproductive farms are valued at fifty times the price of an equally large and much richer tract of land in the United States.

Know yourselves. A person who is acquainted with human nature, knows himself, and is never harsh and severe upon those who have departed from the strict line of rectitude. When you hear a man denounce another, you know at once that he has no just knowledge of himself, and in times of strong temptation he will be the first to swerve from duty. A person who knows his own frailties, is kind and forbearing to those who err. "Know thyself" is an excellent maxim. It would be well for thousands to understand it practically, who are now ready to cry out with indignation, and chase to the tomb one who has thoughtlessly sinned. A true Christian will never pursue such a course—neither will he who understands human nature and understands his own failings. Let

THE STORY TELLER.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

LEGENDS OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

THE MARTYR OF THE SOUTH.

There is a gloom to-day in Charleston. It is not often that a great city feels, but when this great heart of humanity, whose every pulsation is a life, can feel, the result is more terrible than the bloodiest battle. Yes, when those arteries of a city, its streets, and lanes, and alleys, thrill with the same feeling, when, like a electric chain, it darts invisibly from one breast to another, until it swells ten thousand hearts, the result is terrible.

I care not whether that result is manifested in a riot, that fills the streets with the blood of men, and women, and little children, that fires the roof over the heads of the innocent, or sends the Church of God whirling in smoke and flame to the midnight sky; or whether that feeling is manifested in the silence of thousands, the bowed head, the compressed lip, the stealthy footstep, still it is a fearful thing to see.

There is a gloom to-day in Charleston. A dead awe reigns over the city. Every face you see is stamped with gloom; men go silently by, with anguish in their hearts and eyes. Women are weeping in their darkened chambers; in yonder church old men are kneeling before the altars, praying, in low, deep unuttered tones. The very soldiers whom you meet, clad in their British uniforms, wear sadness on their faces. These men, to whom murder is sport, are gloomy to-day. The citizens pass hurriedly to and fro; cluster in groups; whisper together; glide silently into their homes.

The stores are closed to-day, as though it were Sunday. The windows of those houses are closed, as though some great man were dead; there is a silence on the air, as though a plague had despoiled the town of its beauty and its manhood. The British banner—stained as it is with the best blood of the Palmetto State—seems to partake of the influence of the hour; for, floating from yonder staff, it does not swell buoyantly upon the breeze, but droops heavily to the ground.

The only sound you hear, save the hurried tread of the citizens, is the low, solemn notes of the Dead March, growing from muffled drums. Why all this gloom, that oppresses the heart and fills the eyes? Why do Wing and Tory, citizen and soldier, share this gloom alike? Why this silence, this awe, this dread?

Look yonder, and in the centre of that common, deserted by every human thing, behold—rising in lonely hideousness—behold, a GILLOTINE.

Why does that gibbet stand there, blackening in the morning sun?

Come with me into yonder mansion, whose roof arises proudly over all other roofs. Up these carpeted stairs, into this luxurious chamber, whose windows are darkened by hangings of satin, whose walls are covered with tapestry, whose floor is crowded with elegant furniture—All is silent in this chamber.

A single glow of morning light steals through the parted curtains of yonder window. Beside that window, with his back to the light, his face in shadow, as though he wished to hide certain dark thoughts from the light, sits a young man, his handsome form arrayed in a British uniform.

He is young, but there is the gloom of age upon that woe-brown brow, there is the resolve of murder upon that curling lip. His attitude is significant. His head inclined to one side, the cheek resting on the left hand, while the right grasps a parchment, which bears his signature, the ink not yet dried.

That parchment is a death-warrant.

If you will look closely upon that red uniform you will see that it is stained with the blood of Paoli, where the cry for "quarter" was answered, by the falling sword and the reeking bayonet.

Yes, this is none other than General Grey, the Butcher of Paoli, transformed by the accolade of his King into Lord Rawdon.

While he is there, by the window, grasping that parchment in his hand, the door opens, a strange group stand disclosed on the threshold.

A woman and three children, dressed in black stand there gazing upon the English lord. They slowly advance; do you behold the pale face of that woman, her eyes, large and dark, not wet with tears, but glaring with speechless awe? On one side a little girl, with brown ringlets, on the other her sister, one year older, with dark hair, relieving a pallid face.

Somewhat in front, his young form rising to every inch of its height, stands a boy of thirteen, with chestnut curls, clustering about his fair countenance. You can see that dark eye flash that lower lip quiver, as he silently confronts Lord Rawdon.

The woman—I use that word, for to me it expresses all that is pure in passion, or holy in humanity, while your word—lady—means nothing but ribbons and millinery—the woman advances, and encircled by these children, stands before the gloomy lord.

"I have come," she speaks in a voice that strikes you with its music and tenderness, "I have come to plead for my brother's life!"

She does not say, behold my brother's children, but there they are, and the English lord beholds them. Tears are coursing down the cheeks of those little girls, but the eye of the woman is not dim. The boy of thirteen looks intently in the face of the Briton, his under lip quivering like a

From a single moment that proud lord raises his head and surveys the group, and then you hear his deep yet melodious voice:

"Madam, your brother swore allegiance to His Majesty, and was afterwards taken in arms against his King. He is guilty of Treason, and must endure the penalty, and that, as you well know, is DEATH."

"But, my lord," said that brave woman, standing firm and erect, her beauty shining more serenely in that moment of heroism. "You will know the circumstances under which he swore allegiance. He, a citizen of South Carolina, an American, was dragged from the bedside of a dying wife, and hurried to Charleston, where this language was held by your officers—'Take the oath of allegiance, and return to the bedside of your dying wife; Refuse, and we will consign you to gaol!' This, my lord; not when he was free to act, ah, no! But when his wife lay dying of that fearful disease—small pox—which had already destroyed two of his children. How could he act otherwise than he did? How could he refuse to take your oath? In his case, would you, my lord, would any man, refuse to do the same?"

Still the silent children stood there before him, while the clear voice of the true woman pierced his soul.

"Your brother is condemned to death!" he coldly said, turning his head away. "He dies at noon. I can do nothing for you!"

Silently the woman, holding a little girl by each hand, sunk on her knees; but the boy of thirteen stood erect. Do you see that group? Those hands upraised, those voices, the clear voice of the woman, the infantile tones of those sweet girls, mingling in one cry for "Mercy!" while the Briton looks upon them with a face of iron, and the boy of thirteen stands erect, not tear in his eye, but a convulsive tremor on his lip!

Then the tears of that woman come at last—than as the face of that stern man glooms before her, she takes the little hands of the girls within her own, and lifts them to his knee, and begs him to spare the father's life.

Not a word from the English Lord.

The boy still firm, erect and silent, no tear dims the eye which glares steadily in the face of the tyrant.

"Ah, you relent!" shrieks that sister of the condemned man. "You will not deprive these children of a father—you will not cut him off in the prime of manhood, by this hideous death! As you hope for mercy in your last hour, be merciful now—spare my brother, and not a heart in Charleston but will bless you—spare him for the sake of these children!"

"Madam," was the cold reply, "your brother has been condemned to die, I can do nothing for you!"

He turns his head away, and held the parchment before his eyes. At last the stern heart of the boy was melted. There was a spasmodic motion about his chest, his limbs shook, he stood for a moment like a statue, and then fell on his knees, seizing the right hand of Lord Rawdon with his trembling fingers.

Lord Rawdon looked down upon that young face, shadowed with chemise-marks, as the small hands clutched his wrist, and an expression of surprise came over his face.

"My child," said he, "I can do nothing for you!"

The boy silently rose. He took a sister by each hand. There was a wild light in his young eyes—a scorn of defiance on his lip.

"Come sisters, let us go!"

He said this, and led those fair girls toward the door, followed by the sister of the condemned. Not a word more was said—but ere they passed from the room, that true woman looked back in the face of Lord Rawdon.

He never forgot that look.

They were gone from the room, and he stood alone before that window, with the sunlight pouring over his guilty brow.

"Yes, it is necessary to make an example! This rebellion must be crushed; those rebels taught submission! The death of this man will strike terror into their hearts. They will learn at last that treason is no trifling game; that the rope and the gibbet will reward each Rebel for his crime!"

Poor Lord Rawdon.

The streets were now utterly deserted. Not a citizen, a soldier, not even a negro was seen. A silence like death rested upon the city.

Suddenly the sound of the dead march was heard, and yonder beheld the only evidence of life through-out the wide city.

On yonder common, around the gibbet, is gathered a strangely contrasted crowd. There is the negro, the outcast of society, the British officer in his uniform, the citizen in his plain dress. All are grouped together in that crowd.

In the centre of the dense mass, beside that horse and cart, one foot resting on that coffin of pine, stands the only man in this crowd with an uncovered brow. He stands there, an image of nature manhood, with a muscular form, a clear, full eye, a bold forehead. His cheek is not pale, nor his eye dim. He is dressed neatly in a suit of velvet, made after the fashion of his time; one hand inserted in his vest, rests on his heart.

Above his head dangles the rope. Near his back stands that figure with the craped face; around are the British soldiers, separating the condemned from the crowd. Among all that rude band of soldiers, not an eye but is set with tears.

The brave officer there, who has charge of the murder, pulls his chaparran over his eyes, to shield them from the sun, or—can it be?—to hide his tears.

All is ready. He has bidden the last farewell

to his sister, his children in yonder gaol; he has said his last word to his noble boy, pressed his last kiss upon the lips of those fair girls. All is ready for the murder.

At this moment a citizen advances, his face convulsed with emotion—

"Hayne," he speaks, in a choking voice, "show them how an American can die!"

"I will endeavor to do so," was the reply of the doomed man.

At this moment the hangman advanced, and placed the cap over his brow. A cry was heard in the crowd, a footstep, and those soldiers shrunk back before a boy of thirteen, who came rushing forward.

"Father!" he shrieked, as he beheld the condemned with the cap over his brow.

One groan arose from that crowd—a simultaneous expression of horror.

The father drew the cap from his brow; he held the wild face, the glaring eyes of his son.

"God bless you, my boy," he spoke, gathering that young form to his heart. "Now go and leave your father to his fate. Return when I am dead—receive my body, and have it buried by my forefathers!"

As the boy turned and went through the crowd, the father stepped firmly into the cart.

There was a pause, as though every man in that crowd was suddenly turned to stone.

The boy looked back but once, only once, and then beheld—ah, I dare not speak it for it chills the blood in the veins—he beheld that manly form suspended to the gibbet, with the cap over his brow, while the distorted face glowed horribly in the sun.

That was his FATHER!

That boy did not shriek, nor groan, but instantly—like a light extinguished suddenly—the fire left his eye, the color his cheek. His lips opened in a silly smile. The first word he uttered told the story—

"My father!" he cried, and then pointed to the body, and broke into a laugh.

"Oh, it was horrible, that laugh, so hollow, shrill, and wild. The child of the Martyr was an idiot."

Still, as the crowd gathered round him, as kind hands bore him away, that pale face was turned over his shoulder toward the gallows:

"My FATHER!"

And still that laugh was borne upon the breeze, even to the gibbet's timbers, where—in hideous mockery, a blackened but not dishonored thing—swung the body of the MARTYR HAYNE.

"This death will strike terror into the hearts of the Rebels!"

Poor Lord Rawdon!

Did that man, in his fine uniform, forget that there was a God? Did he forget that the voice of a Martyr's blood can never die?

This death strike terror into the hearts of the Rebels!

It roused one feeling of abhorrence through the whole South. It took down a thousand rifles from the hooks above the fire-side hearth.

It turned many a doubting heart to the cause of freedom; nay, Tories by hundreds came flocking to the camp of liberty. The blood of Hayne took root and grew into an army.

There came a day when George Washington, by the conquest of Yorktown, had in his possession the murderer who did this deed; Lord Cornwallis, who condemned and commanded it; Lord Rawdon, who signed the death-warrant.

Here was a glorious chance for Washington to avenge the Martyr Hayne, who had been choked to death by these men. The feeling of the army, the voice of America—nay, certain voices that spoke in the British Parliament, would have justified the deed. The law of nations would have proclaimed it a holy act. But how did Washington act?

He left each murderer to God and his own conscience. He showed the whole world a sublime manifestation of forgiveness and scorn—Forgiveness for this humiliating Cornwallis, who so far from bearing Washington home to London a prisoner in chains, was now a conquered man in the midst of his captive army.

The other immediately laying hands on the old rooster, exclaimed—"Here's old Prex will you have him?" "Pass him along," was the reply, and he was soon in the Doctor's bag.

"Here's marm Prex," said the all unconscious student, grabbed a fine old hen, "will you have her?" "Yes," again responded the Doctor.

"Here's son John, will you have him?"—"Here's daughter Sal, take her?" and so on until he had gone regularly through with the Doctor's family and chickens. The old man then walked off in one direction with the plunder, while the student streaked it for the colleges. Great was his astonishment to learn from his companion that he had got no chickens and if he gave them to any one, it must have been to Dr. Nott. Explosions, fines, and disgrace, were uppermost in their thoughts until the next forenoon, when both received a polite invitation from their President, requesting the presence of their company to a Thanksgiving dinner. To decline was impossible, so with hearts full of anxiety for the result, they wended their way to the house, where they were pleasantly received by the old gentleman, and with a large party were soon seated around the festive board. After asking a blessing, the Doctor rose from his seat, and taking the carving knife, turned with a smile to the roges and said—"Young gentlemen, here's Old Prex, and marm Prex, son John, and daughter Sal, at the same time touching successively the respective chickens, to which will you be helped?" The mortification of the students may be imagined. [Springfield Rep.]

God made an agriculturalist, and while in a state of innocence, his first business was to till the ground. And at every age of the world, some of the greatest and best of men have been farmers; Washington and Jackson were farmers; as also multitudes of worthy names and great spirits, who, like them, have blessed the world with examples of greatness and honorable deeds. And I rejoice to know that many in our own time of highly cultivated intellect and enlarged views, and worldly competence, are proud to be ranked among practical farmers. Far better had it been for the world had the number been ten-fold greater. Far better were it for the present generation, if the choice of employment, parents and their sons would view the subject as these have done; and let their sons be directed in their choice to the same wise results. Thus, much of the idleness and crime which are exerting such a fearful influence upon us, would never have existed. Many of the temptations to vice would have been avoided. [Asylum Journal.]

The Horse.—A correspondent of the Buffalo Courier, in urging good treatment to the horse, gives a touching instance of the benevolent feelings of this noble animal to another beast. It took place under the writer's own observation, and the Courier has no doubt of its truth. The writer says:

"A butcher, my neighbor, recently went to a pasture where the family horse was unusually turned when idle, to get a calf he had purchased for slaughter.—Finding difficulty in otherwise catching him, he set a large bull-dog upon the calf, which soon brought him to the ground, uttering most piteous cries. The horse, which till now had seemingly paid no attention, aroused by the cries of distress, no sooner perceived the perilous situation of his helpless companion, than with ears leered, jaws distended, mane and tail erect, he hastened to his relief. The dog still continued his hold, despite the threatening aspect of the horse, when the noble fellow, fastening his teeth upon the dog, with one toss threw him completely over the adjacent fence. Meanwhile, the butcher had approached so near as to catch hold of the calf as he was rising, which the horse perceiving, he turned upon him his posterior artillery, throwing his heels every time still nearer the butcher's head, until he was glad to relinquish his hold. With what a proud and exulting air he pranced around his liberated charge, with head and tail erect, snorting defiance to all oppressors. In fact, before the butcher could secure his object, he had first to secure this champion of freedom in the stable."

SALT AND SOOT. It is said that an important agricultural discovery has recently been made, showing that, by the union of salt and soot, a most valuable manure is produced. It has been found that land which usually produced twenty-five tons of carrots to an acre, when fertilized by a mixture of six bushels and a half of soot, yielded forty. This manure is also said to be very good for grain, and especially so for potato land, a field of which before had never produced more than one hundred and fifty seven bushels to the acre, yet yielded two hundred and forty after having been manured by a mixture of thirty bushels of soot and eight of salt.

A musician, some time ago, in giving a concert at Cleveland, Ohio, informed the public that a variety of songs might be expected, too tedious to mention.

Why are the Mexicans likely to improve in their habits? Because the Americans have sent them a Taylor, who will dress them well, and be sure to give them fits.

Why is a dandy with a cloak on like a half Spanish seag? Because it's common filling with a Spanish wrapper.

Why is a pun on the Seat of Government like a first-rate conundrum? Because it is a capital witticism.

ARRIVAL OF THE HIBERNIA

Twenty-eight days later from Europe.

The steamship Hibernia, Capt. Ryrie, from Liverpool on the 5th, arrived this morning (25th) soon after 7 o'clock, bringing 118 passengers and the regular monthly mail. She has experienced a very rough passage.

Among the passengers was the new Governor General of Canada, the Earl of Elgin, and his two sons, Lieut. the Hon. Arthur Egerton and Lieut. the Hon. Egremont Lascelles, and assistant Commissioner General Wood, and 94 others. The Lord Bishop of Newfoundland and 7 others were left at Halifax.

Parliament was to be called together on the 19th of January; and Lord John Russell had issued circulars to his supporters in the House, requesting their presence at the opening of the session, as measures of great importance were to be immediately considered.

European Corn Trade. The grain trade has been in an animated and sometimes excited position since the sailing of the steamship Cambrin on the 4th inst. Prices have also advanced considerably.

The value of money was without change in England, and the supply continued abundant. The iron trade was very brisk, and prices were higher.

The steamer has over \$2,000,000 in specie. The unprecedented wealth of Ireland seems to be attracting much attention. In the single county of Mayo, a district less than 50 miles square, no less than thirty-two deaths are alleged to have occurred from starvation.

Freights at Liverpool. Since our last report freights to the United States have fluctuated considerably, but a present dead weight is scarce, and ships have difficulty in obtaining cargoes.

France. The French Government have authorized the admission of American Corn, imported into England, into France, if brought in British vessels. The exportation of beet root sugar is also authorized. Successful attempts have been made to cultivate rice in France. Great suffering is said to exist in some sections of the country for the want of food; but the Government are busy in finding work for the sufferers and in keeping down the price of corn.

The immense drain on the Bank of France for bullions to purchase foreign grain, has caused considerable inconvenience; and it is said that the Bank of England will probably aid the Bank of France to the amount of £2,000,000 sterling.

The French papers discuss with considerable interest, the operations of our troops and squadrons in Mexico. They seem a little doubtful of the ultimate success of our arms in that country, arising mainly from the fatigue and sickness which our troops must experience in their attempts to subjugate the country.

Spain. Advice from Madrid to the 23rd of December, represent that serious difficulty existed between the Queen and her mother. We have also reports of the resignation of the ministers of state; of an attempt to form a new ministry under the Marquis Villums which failed, and of the reinstatement of the old ministry under Isturitz. A fire had consumed the war office and its archives; the loss being estimated at 30,000 piastres. The Carlists are said to be making vigorous preparations for another appeal to arms; and a civil war is anticipated speedily.

Turkey. Intelligence from Persia bring distressing accounts of the continued persecution of the Nestorians of the mountains by the Kurds. The following from Massoud is given by Wilmer & Smith:—

A tribe of pastoral Nestorians, called the Khozani, who had hitherto escaped the savage fury of the Kurdish chief, have been his last victims. Bedherhan Bey demanded 25,000 sheep of the dungs, or head shepherd of the Khozani. The dungs, in hope of inducing him to moderate his demand, repaired to the Kurdish camp, and offered half the number. Bedherhan, so far from accepting the proposition, had the dungs seized and flung down a precipice; then, with the bleeding and mangled body borne before him, he marched into the territory of the Khozani. In a few days the whole country was laid waste with fire and sword. Sixty-seven villages were pillaged and burnt. At a place called Khabour he murdered 800 persons in cold blood.

The most horrible cruelties were every where perpetrated by these monsters. Mar Johannah, the second patriarch was impaled alive. Several Nestorians, particularly the priests, had oil poured over their bodies, and were then roasted before a slow fire, amidst the jeers and savage yells of their tormentors.

The Turkish Government has had several varieties of cotton seeds, and men competent to superintend their culture, recently brought from America, for the purpose of trying experiment of cultivating the American varieties of cotton in the different provinces of the empire, in which every kind of climate exists.

Rome, December 24. The Pope does not proceed with his proposed reforms with all the activity that could be desired, but nevertheless he is advancing, and that is something. His letter to the Bishops of Christendom is not at all the document that was expected from so enlightened a man. It is full of denunciation against questioning the Pope's infallibility, &c.

China. The news from China is interesting. A conflict has taken place between the Chinese and Portuguese and Macao, in relation to fiscal and general regulations, in the course of which several of the Chinese "fast boats" had been burned and sunk. Order had been restored in consequence of the firmness of the Portuguese Governor.

Quick Voyage. The ship Alliance, Tucker, which sailed from this port for Charleston, S. C. on 11th Oct. last arrived there in 23 days, S. C. discharged, loaded, and arrived off Liverpool Bar on the 22nd Dec. after a passage of 24 days; thus completing the voyage out and home in the short space of 78 days. [Wilmer & Smith's Times.]

[The Alliance is an American ship, belonging to Wisconsin Me.]

It is reported that Mehemet Ali has manifested a desire to establish a railroad from Suez to Cairo.

The distress of the laboring classes at Berlin is stated to be so great that they are compelled to pawn almost every thing they possess to procure bread.

In the Scinde army 443 young Englishmen, in three regiments only, appear to have perished of cholera in a few days.

The total amount of the free church collections in Scotland, for the relief of the distress in the highlands and islands, is £4,364 10s. 71-2d.

The Government mills in Plymouth are employed night and day in grinding Indian corn for the relief of the destitute poor in Ireland and the highlands of Scotland.

A meeting has been held at Belfast for the purpose of urging upon the Government the expediency of prohibiting the use of grain in distilleries and breweries.

One American house established in the Midland counties of England and New York has, by last steamer, ordered over 40,000 barrels of flour in lieu of remittances in bills.

In consequence of the present high prices of corn, the Duke of Luena has published a decree permitting the importation of corn free of duty into that State, during the next four months.

The French prisoners who have been so long in the power of Abd-el-Kader have been liberated, 30,000 francs having been paid for their ransom.

The Pope has issued a decree, by which convicts are no longer to be permitted to work for tradesmen, to the injury of free and honest workmen, who are unable to manufacture articles at the low rate charged for them by prisoners.

The Great Western Steamship Company have filed in their officers no less than 460 plans which they have received from various quarters, for floating off the Great Britain.

Capt. Claxton, R. N., passed through Liverpool on his way to Dundrum Bay, the intention, we understand, to remain there until the experiments shall have been tried for the floating of the Great Britain.

The Austrian Government forbids every peasant in Galicia to leave the dwelling after sunset to hold any communication with his neighbors, or to attend any assembly; and the whole country is militarily occupied.

Samples of sugar, cotton, and wool, of excellent quality, grown in the Sandwich Islands have been forwarded to Liverpool, and they formed objects of considerable attraction at the underwriters' room.

Great distress prevails among the silk weavers of Spitalfields for want of employment. A fund for their relief has been opened under the auspices of the clergy and influential inhabitants of the neighborhood.

The report that the house in which Shakespeare was born has been purchased for removal to America has received a direct contradiction from the trustee of the testamentary estate to which it belongs.

Professor Schoubein communicated to the Academie des Sciences on the 23d November, that his gun cotton is not prepared by the same processes as the explosive cottons which have hitherto been experimented with so generally.

The cholera was still raging at Tabreez in Persia, at the end of October. It is said that from the 11th to the 27th of that month, 10,000 persons had died, and that the number of deaths daily, when the account left, was 200.

The Parisian publishers are said to have paid no less than 100,000 francs for the copyright of a little catechism, written by the Archbishop of Paris. The archbishopal rank of the author has probably caused this price to be given for the work, which is very short, and contains nothing remarkable.

In consequence of the distress in Belgium, and particularly in the environs of Ghent, Alost, and Anderarde, the influx of mendicants towards Brussels is so great that guards are placed at the Porte de Flandre to prevent those unfortunate beings from entering the capital.

Information has just been received from Egypt by a respectable mercantile house in Belfast, that the overflowing of the Nile has carried away 93 villages in Lower Egypt, with all the produce they contained, including a very large quantity of flax. The Government has set vigorously to work to repair the dykes.

The cost of the overland route to India for first class cabin will be reduced, at March next to 127.

An iron lighthouse has been completed in London, and will be shipped to Ceylon, where it will be erected at Point de Galle.

The rite of *suttee* has been prohibited in the Bhopo, state of Jeypore, by a unanimous vote of the Regency.

A pension of £100 a year has been offered by the English Government to Father Mathew.

The suffering population of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland is estimated at 100,000.

The whole number of male adults, convicted of crime in France was, in the last returns, 23 in every 10,000.

A Paris paper asserts that the French Government intends to propose to the chambers a considerable reduction in the duties on foreign iron.

After all the stories about Mexican enthusiasm for the war, it may be questioned whether the really substantial class of that country are not very much disposed to peace. The vote for Herrera for the President is significant of this fact. Vera Cruz is said to be getting tired of having her port locked up, and we may reasonably suppose that this feeling will extend. [Star.]

There are Countess 33s, on the Brunswick Bank, in circulation, Perkins' Stereotype Plate.

The Bank has redeemed all of its issue of this denomination, consequently all 3s. stereotype plate, now in circulation, are counterfeits.

THE VICE PRESIDENT OF MEXICO.

It is a remarkable feature of the news, and one which exhibits the vicissitudes of public life in Mexico in a striking phasis, that Gomez Farias, once before Vice President during Santa Anna's Presidency. His wily superior, knowing the hostility of Farias to the hierarchy, and desirous of improving the finances by a confiscation of the church property, set him to work to digest a plan and prepare the public mind for seizing on the ecclesiastical estates. The effort failed utterly, and the government was about being made to feel the power of an interest it had alarmed, when Santa Anna deserted Gomez Farias, threw upon him the odium of the scheme, and escaped himself from the storm he had helped to raise.

Gomez Farias was banished the state, and for a number of years resided in this city with his family, pinched by necessity and oppressed with care. Santa Anna in time was overthrown and banished by Parades. Farias immediately upon the fall of the dictator, returned to Mexico, where he has ever since taken a conspicuous part in the political affairs of the country.

Santa Anna, by a sudden revolution in public opinion, was recalled from banishment, and now these two politicians, as opposite as the poles in principles, and hating each other with a rancor that has been nurtured in disgrace, occupy the first and second offices in the republic. Farias is a reformer of the progressive party; his opinions are of the most liberal character. He is a republican at heart, a federalist in the Mexican sense of the term, and as bitter against religious as political trammels. Santa Anna is just what his interest for the time being requires him to be. The close proximity of two such men does not augur well of the durability of the Government which they administer, nor of the suavity that may qualify their counsels.

In so far as the elevation to office of two men occupying the extremes of political faction may interpret the public opinion of Mexico, it may indicate a fusion of all parties, a union of all classes, sects, divisions, and classes of the people in one great war party. Gomez Farias was, if anything, the most violent of all Mexican politicians against the dismemberment of Texas, and he may have united with Santa Anna to set an example of the suppression of personal and political hatred in forming an alliance for the objects of consolidating the strength of the state against a common enemy. [N. O. Picayune.]

PRESERVATION OF MEAT BY FREEZING.—Every body knows, or ought to know, that meat will keep perfectly sweet so long as it remains frozen. Witness, for example, the mammoth which was found some years ago in the north of Siberia, preserved by the eternal frosts of the arctic circle, from the time it was enclosed in the ice, after the deluge—a whole carcass, covered with skin and flesh; some of which was cooked and eaten by the enterprising discoverer, and found to be palatable. But every body does not know that their meat will be tender or tough, according to the method of thawing it.

When frozen meat is brought into a warm room, and thawed by heat, if you have not good teeth, and the digestive powers of an astringent, you had best leave that part of the dinner for those who have. Therefore, bring from the larder, the night before it is wanted, the meat or poultry intended for dinner, and plunge it into cold water. The next morning a thick coating of ice will be found increasing the whole piece. Take it off and change the water, and let it remain until the hour for dressing it. If to be boiled, put it over the fire in cold water, if for a roast, put it not before too brisk a fire, as there is always danger that the heart of a large piece may not be completely thawed, in which case it will be spoiled.

Vegetables should be thawed in the same way, and with few exceptions, they will be better for having been frozen. Potatoes, however, acquire a disagreeable sweetness.

BEGINNING AT HOME. A law of New Hampshire, which when into operation on the 1st inst. provides that no child under fifteen years of age shall be employed in any manufacturing establishment, unless such child shall have attended some school under a qualified teacher, for three months the year preceding; and also shall not attend during every year of its employment until it arrives at that age. And every child under twelve must have attended six months in a year. A penalty of fifty dollars is imposed on every owner or agent of such manufacturing concern who shall receive a child into his employ, without a sworn certificate from some school teacher that it has attended school as provided for. These provisions apply, it would seem not only to cotton and woolen factories, but to all kinds of mechanical business.

The Federalists in the Legislature of Pennsylvania have introduced resolutions in favor of reviving the tariff act of '42. Thirty nine Democrats have manfully protested against the change until the tariff of '46 has been duly tested. The Pennsylvania says, "the vote of the democrats (in the House) was unanimous against the resolutions," and adds that this movement of the federalists is only intended to brew mischief, as they must know there is no prospect of reviving the tariff act of '42."

FROM CANTON. We learn that Mr. Everett, the United States Commissioner to China, arrived on the 6th of October. On or about the 20th, he proceeded from Macao in the United States ship of war Vincennes to Canton, where he had an interview with the General of the Province.

The *Diario*, the Mexican government organ, copies and notices Mr. Webster's estimates of the expenses of the war, and his threats to impeach the President for it, and takes great "aid" and "comfort" from the fact.

Albert J. Terrell was on Thursday sentenced upon the indictment for adultery, to three years in the State Prison, and one day solitary confinement.

A PROPHET WITHOUT HONOR.

The friends of Mr. Clay, the very warmest of whom have hitherto been the owners of the cotton mills, appear to place very little confidence in his predictions. Our readers doubtless, for we took care to place it immediately under his eyes, the letter which he foretold all sorts of embarrasment and ruin to the business of the country, as the result of the freedom of trade established by the new tariff. But very few heeded at the time what he was pleased to say, but the most hardened unbelievers in his prophecies are the manufacturers themselves, who are building monuments of their scepticism in the shape of new factories from New Hampshire to Georgia.

We take the following from a federal print:—"First Fruits. The Portsmouth Journal beautiful piece of printed muslin, the product of the Portsmouth Steam Factory."

These are very properly called first fruits—the first fruits of manufacturing enterprise under the new tariff—soon to be followed by such a harvest as was never yet gathered under the restrictive policy. The owners of the Portsmouth Steam Factory, we are very sure, thrust their tongues in their cheeks when Mr. Clay and Abbot Lawrence and their anxious forebodings, are the subjects of conversation. But let us see what is to follow these first fruits. More than half a million of dollars, it is said, are to be expended in cutting a broad canal from Enfield, in Connecticut, to Hartford, in order to bring to that city a volume of water which shall turn a greater number of spindles than there are in all the mills of Lowell.

It is in contemplation at Hartford, Connecticut, to bring down to that place the water power of Enfield, Connecticut, by means of a canal one hundred feet wide and twelve feet deep. This, it is said, will furnish a water power more extensive than that of Lowell, and sufficient to carry more than five hundred thousand spindles. The distance from Enfield to Hartford is eighteen miles. The cost of the enterprise is estimated at \$700,000.

Whether this great scheme will ever be carried into effect or not is more than we can say, but it is enough that people are talking of it, planning modes of executing it, at the very moment that the new tariff comes into force. This very circumstance proves the cotton manufacturers themselves have no fear of the new tariff, and regard the alarm of Mr. Clay and Abbot Lawrence as either foolish or feigned, as either self-delusions or attempts to delude others. [N. Y. Evening Post.]

VERY MELANCHOLY.

By the last Steamer from Liverpool, we have the melancholy intelligence that the British press are entirely dissatisfied with President Polk's last message to Congress. They particularly dislike his exposure of the causes of the Mexican war, and thereupon blame the President with a gusto peculiar John Bullish.

Here is one point in which our venerable grand mother England has a decided advantage. While his case at length, and argues it in his message; the Queen, in her annual address, always says, *nothing in the very fewest words possible.* It is an invariably stopped negation, never illuminated even by a ray of an idea.

The Tories of England were opposed, as our readers well know, to the annexation of Texas. Of course they would be discontented with the Mexican war. Their capitalists, who hold Mexican-ragbonds, are fearful of the issue. The almighty Dollar—as powerful there as in Yankeeedom—is the secret of their opposition. Some of them, as the Hon. Caleb Cushing proved not long since, hold a mortgage on California, which has become "null and void" by the action of the American Army. Creditors never like to see their debtors driven into bankruptcy—especially at the point of the bayonet!

This war is, in no small degree, the result of British interference. Had they, and France with them, maintained a neutral position during the Annexation controversy, it is more than probable that Mexico, finding herself alone, would have been persuaded to arrange the points of difference. But she expected—and had reason to expect—that Europe would furnish her money and men for the contest. The result should teach all concerned a useful lesson. [Argus.]

PROPHET—ANNEXATION. The following extract from a letter written by Mr. Jefferson, in 1786, will tell just now:—

"Our confederacy must be viewed as the nest, from which all America, North and South, is to be peopled. We should take care, too, not to think it is the interest of that great continent, to press too soon on the Spaniards. These countries cannot be in better hands. My fear is that they are too feeble to hold them until our population can be sufficiently advanced to gain it from them, piece by piece."

THE TREASURY NOTE BILL. The Washington Correspondents of various papers express the belief that this bill will pass the Senate. It strikes us as the easiest mode of obtaining a loan that has yet been proposed. Bearing from five to six per cent interest—and having the Government itself as the debtor—they will constitute the best investment of surplus capital in the Union. We have no doubt that these notes will be taken as rapidly as they are issued, and that the Government, with the additional Revenue anticipated from the tariff of '46, will be able to get along very well through the next financial year. [Argus.]

SLAVERY. What a stupendous, what an incomprehensible machine is man! who can endure toil, famine, stripes, imprisonment, and death itself, in vindication of his own liberty and the next moment be deaf to all those motives whose power supported him through his trials, and inflict on his fellow men a bondage, one hour of which is fraught with more misery than the ages of which he rose in rebellion to oppose. [Jefferson.]

The Union denounces, as a foul slander, the rumor which prevailed, that Mr. Calhoun intended

ed to bring forward a project to withdraw the troops from Mexico, and content ourselves with defending our boundary.

DINNER TO LT. COL. WRIGHT. The dinner given by the Ex-Rangers to Lt. Col. Isaac H. Wright, came off on Tuesday, at the Merchants Exchange, Boston. There were a large number of the members of the old corps present, without distinction of party. The following are a few of the toasts offered on the occasion:

Massachusetts has her rights to maintain in the field, and her Wright to maintain them.

The American Taylor, he takes his measures so well, that he gives the enemy fits.

The Volunteer Regiment of Massachusetts.—While they have a Cushing (cushion) at their head to recline upon, may they ever keep Wright in view to direct and guide them in the path of duty.

The Battles of "Palo Alto" and "Resaca de la Palma" History does not record victories more glorious.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, FEBRUARY 2, 1847.

"The Union must be preserved."

THE DUTY OF CONGRESS.

The following article from the Boston Post is to the point. It meets our views perfectly, and we believe we are safe in saying it will meet the views of a great majority of the people of Maine.

"When the position of Mexico is known with so much certainty—when that misguided power doggedly persists in refusing to listen to any terms of pacification—when our gallant army are in her midst, urgently requiring further means to enable them to pursue the objects of the war—the action of Congress is entirely indefensible. It is not consistent with the commonest duties of patriotism; and the people are already beginning to inquire, in unvoiced tones, at whose door lies the blame. In Congress there is an overwhelming majority of professed friends of the administration; yet what has become of the efficient war recommendations of the President? Not one of them has become a law!—More than six weeks of the session has passed, and, from some cause, the public business has been neglected. Shame, shame, on this delay. It retards the most important movements—it paralyzes the national arm—it postpones the day of peace. The people expect such conduct in old Federal Massachusetts. Its better partisanship acts by instinct—its course on national affairs, whether they are directed by Jefferson, or Madison, or Jackson, or Polk, has been marked at all times by narrowness, and in war times by action little short of treason; but where there is a majority of Democrats, of politicians who are expected to stand by the nation, the people look for different conduct.—They expect to see prompt and patriotic legislation—legislation coming up to the demand of the times, and creditable to the American character. It always has been so—it ought to be so now.

"We regard the duty of Congress, its unquestionable duty, to leave abstract questions for the future to settle, and to attend to the business of defending the country. We cannot comprehend the patriotism of those, from the north or from the south, who seem determined to connect the question of slavery with the question of furnishing supplies to carry on the Mexican war. It is not our purpose to discuss now this question: the question of prohibiting or of permitting slavery in any territory to be acquired in the progress of the war. We see what its bare introduction has done already. It threatens disorganization in the ranks of the administration; its tendency, beyond all question, is to foment jealousy where there ought to be union, to produce division where there ought to be union, to give hope to the enemy, and thus to prolong the war. The reasons for restricting slavery to territory now slave territory—for prohibiting slavery in territory now free territory, either in possession or to be acquired, may be strong, unanswerable, unanswerable; but now is no time—we are clear in this—to present them. It is a question among ourselves, as between members of the same country. There is a foreign question to be settled first, as between this country, as a whole, and its enemy. Standing in front of his cannon, we would stand united, pouring out money like water, until he sees for peace. Until then, no collateral issue should be tolerated. Let the business, the base business, of dividing the councils, of paralyzing the energies, of weakening the Union, be left in the hands of avowed disunionists and their aiders and defenders, be they who they may. We regret that Democrats in Congress, that a single Democrat, should have consented for a single moment to play into their hands. It is for this great reason—namely, that it will weaken our own war efforts, and encourage the enemy to prolong the war—that we hope that Congress will leave the abstract question of slavery to come up in its natural order, when territory shall have been acquired, and attend immediately to the measures necessary to maintain the honor of our flag.

"One thing more. It is useless to deny the fact, that on the Democratic majority of Congress is the responsibility of legislation. Whatever blame may lie at the door of individual members, whatever may be the motives that prompt their course, it is to the large majority that the people look, that the country receives no detriment. An effort now is urgently needed. Let the exciting questions of President making, of slavery, of faction of all sorts, be postponed, and sectional wrangling give place to a united and efficient course, calculated to promote the cause of the country. Let union and action, in the face of the enemy, be the watchword. Shame on the delay—let it be no longer!"

It seems that Senator Calley himself was ashamed to vote for his resolve to withdraw the troops from Mexico. It was laid on the table 44 to nothing. In the House only 23 were found recreant enough to vote to take up a similar resolve.

An immense iceberg lately floated into the harbor of Eastport, in this State, dashing to pieces several vessels lying at the wharves. It was supposed to have been blown from the Arctic sea in the late gales.

